

A Copy of Verses humbly Presented to

All my Loving MASTERS and MISTRESSES In *Holborn-End-Division*,
in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*.

By *Thomas Bamber and George Fido*,

BEADLES and BELL-MEN.

27. Dec. 1695. The PROLOGUE.

*From flashy Depths of Winter Colds I come,
Yearly to give a new Prælude
In verses mean, but with a full design,
To please my Masters all in every Line,*

*And serve them too; my Rounds I always go,
Yea though I meet with Rain, Hail, Frost or Snow:
In hopes that now the Time of Year is come
I shall be recompenced with a Summ.*

All Saints-Day.

ALL *Saints* rejoyce in Heaven they are at peace,
Their Trials, Martyrdoms & Sufferings cease
Their Fast, and Prayer, their Tears and Sor-
(rows end,
Their Griefs were by the blessed Angels penn'd,
And now in Glory they triumph forever.
He that asks when 'twill end, I answer never:
One suffering *Saint* with others hath an Union,
On that we had one Glimpse of that Communion.

On the King's Birth-Day.

THIS is the joyful and thrice welcome Morn,
On which King *Will* our blest Prince was born,
A Morn which makes the Angels clap their Wings,
Rejoicing at the Birth of this best of Kings,
Let all his Subjects for his long Life pray,
And let us make it a Thanksgiving-day:
Let your Obedience and your Love be great,
And in your hearts there let him have a Seat.

St. Andrew's Day.

Bless'd be *St. Andrew's* Memory, O happy *Saint*,
Whose Deeds so glorious no Reward can want,
Holy he liv'd, a happy Martyr dy'd,
Who for his Faith in Christ was Crucifi'd,
Let him be our Example Lord, that we
Take up thy blessed Cross, and follow Thee,
Whose pleasant Paths are the delightful way,
That leads blest Mortals to Eternal Day.

On St. Thomas's Day.

THE Maxim's true, that one Example more
Effect doth work a though Precept many a score,
See this in *Thomas*, where unbelief was grown,
In sight of Miracles, Christ had him shown,
His Resurrection he could not believe,
Nor a right Notion of his Death receive,
Take warning hence then, and for Faith let's pray,
In this more clouded, and imperfect Day.

On Christmas-Day.

LET Men and Angels all rejoyce and say,
For ever, ever, blessed be the Day,
Of our Redeemer's Birth the Lord of Love,
Who came down from his Father's Throne above,
To be a Sacrifice for all Mankind,
Which Mercy let us ever bear in mind,
And celebrate this Day of his dear Birth,
With all the Marks of Holy Christian Mirth.

On St. Stephen's Day.

Saint Stephen firmly for the Gospel stood,
And for Christ's sake was proud to loose his Blood,
He the first Martyr, at whose Death was given,
The sight of all the Glories that's in Heaven,
And when his Foes to stone him did begin,
He cry'd, O Lord, charge them not with this sin,
He yielded up the Ghost, then let each Brother,
By his Example forgive one another.

On St. John's Day.

Saint John the dear beloved of his God,
Because the Paths of Righteousness he trod,
Strange hidden things was unto him reveal'd,
Which from the World before had been conceal'd,
He writ the fame that we might read and learn,
The Will of God and Righteousness discern,
Which if we do, we shall reside above
In blessed Regions of transcendent Love.



On Innocent's Day.

Kings against Kings, and warlike Princes strive,
But Subjects fall, to keep those Kings alive,
King *Herod* strove his Royal King to slay,
And slew his Children to make him away,
But he escap'd whilst innocent Blood was spilt,
Who reigns above to judge him for his guilt.

On New-years-Day.

Vain Man think what thy God this Day went through,
What the Omnipotent has done for you,
This Day he Circumcision underwent,
For poor lost Men, O think and quick repent:
Let Prayers and Tears for thy past sins atone,
And cast thy self beneath his mighty Throne,
So humble and so low let us appear,
That God himself may say a good New-year.

On King & Parliament.

Wilst our good King and Parliament unite,
We need not doubt but put the French to flight,
We need not fear Domestic Civil Wars,
No innate Animosities or Jars,
Justice and Righteousness then shall run down,
Just as a mighty Stream from *England's* Crown,
And peace and plenty shall o'er flow our Isle,
And cause dejected Protestants to smile.

To my Masters.

Kind Sirs, you find that *Christmas* is now come
You cannot think your Beadle will be dumb,
No, no, he'll wish you all good wholesome Cheer,
Geese, Turkeys, Capons, Roast-beef, and Stout-beer,
And whilst you are with your fine Dainties merry,
Quaffing full Bowls of Claret, White and Sherry,
He'll guard your House when you your selves repose,
And keep you safe from all House-breaking Foes.

To my Mistresses.

THE sweets and comforts of a Marry'd Life,
Only depends upon a kind good Wife;
In her is Peace and all contents enjoy'd,
Which by no Power but Death can be destroy'd:
Therefore in Union with your Husbands live,
And Heaven to you all Earthly Joys will give,
And when bold Death shall separate your love,
Your Souls shall meet again in Heaven above.

To the Young Men and Maids.

YOU Maids and Bachelours that are in pain,
Till you each others love and friendship gain,
Consider what you do before you marry,
For if in this great Business you miscarry,
You fall down headlong to a Pit of Grief,
Where 'twill be hard for you to find Relief,
Ne'er mind a Portion, let Love be your end,
And then your glorious Days with Joy you'll spend.

Advice to Apprentices.

Christmas comes on now you'll have merry Days,
But let me beg you to regard your ways,
Lavish no Money vainly by your play,
Lest you are forc'd to pinch another day;
Be tender of your Master's Stock, take care
That you purloyn not any of his Ware,
Be just to him, and he'll be kind to you,
Give unto *Caesar*, what is *Caesar's* due.

Advice to Servants.

Earn to obey your Master's great Commands,
To do his Will employ your ready Hands,
If you would deck your selves with Wreaths of Peace,
Then let your grumbling at your Masters cease,
Do what you can with cheerful Looks, and then
You'll be respected both by God and Men,
Yes, you will find love added to your Wages,
And gain such Fame as lasts to after Ages,
Pray walk by this same Rule, and you will find
That this Advice is pleasing to your mind.

On the Beadle's Care.

Sleep noble Masters on your Beds of Down,
And let a silent Peace your Temples Crown,
My Staff and Bell shall fright the Thieves away,
Be your Guard all Night till break of Day:
And you fair Ladies take your sweet Reposes,
On softest Quilts, nay upon Beds of Roses,
Sweet be your slumbers, when you dream, dream o're
All your past Raptures, and then wake to more.

The Bell-man's Prayer.

MY Bell and Tongue both Day & Night shall sing
The mighty Praises of our gracious King,
Heavens keep him safe, where e'er he does reside,
May Angels guard him now on ev'ry side,
Prosper him Lord as well by Sea as Land,
And guide him still by thy out-stretched Hand;
Let Rebels perish, and let Traytors die,
And on a Throne of Peace exalt him high.

The Epilogue.

Since Providence hath been to me so kind,
To suit my Masters to their Bell-man's mind,
I can but render all the Praise that's due
To persons so sedate, so just, so true:
Such worthy Benefactors and such Friends,
Your servants e'er will strive to make amends
With double diligence, ne'er grudging pains,
Ne'er doubting you will grudge to help his Gains.